

Another Car Load of the Celebrated
Bread Winner Flour
\$3.20 PER BARREL

Also 1 gallon of syrup, 1 pound
of coffee and 1 pound of tea for
50c. We have no rents to pay

The South Side Store.

J. E. CAMPBELL.

WE SELL

JUST AS GOOD

Syrup and Molasses at
35 Cents Per Gallon

as any one can offer at that price in the city.

4 pounds new California
Prunes for 25c.

C. N. PREDMORE & SON.

40 Packages Butter

so to 55 pounds each, at

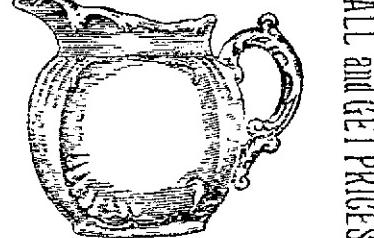
22 TO 25 CENTS PER POUND

by the package, at retail 24 and 29 cents; New
Figs 15c. Oranges 24c per dozen;
Ripe Apricots 15c; Ripe Peaches 15c; Ripe
Apples 20c; Ripe Pears 15c; Ripe Sweet Potatoes
20c per pound; Large new Mackrel 92c per
pound; 10 pounds at 8c per pound Muskrat
Hairs 15c; 4 pounds 25c; New Canned Corn
Tomatoes and Peas.

W. H. FOSTER,
NO. 30 WEST MAIN STREET.

Maddocks Royal Vitreous

Equal to French China and less than half
the price.



CALL AND GET PRICES

J. B. SWALM,
12 East Main Street. Middletown, N. Y.

500 HORSES.

500 horses and Cows wanted for fertilizing
purposes by the following families, for
which we will pay from \$2 to \$3 per head, de-
livered at our factory, 12 North Street, De-
nton.

FRANK A. MEYER, DANIEL GARABRANT.

ALSO

Horses and Cows carted away and paid for
according to value. Address us by mail or te-
legraph at our cost, within a radius of 8 miles
of Middletown.

MEYER & GARABRANT,
MIDDLETOWN, N. Y.

Notice!

Fine Clothing to Order.
Suits from \$23 up to \$33.

Pants from \$5 up to \$9.

First-class fit and workmanship guaranteed.

Herman F. Nass

Custom Tailor,

36 East Main Street,

Opposite Congregational Church

Cleaning and Repairing

at the Lowest Prices.

BEST GRADES

OF

Flour, Grain Hay

AND Mill Feeds.

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successor to Geo. L. Everson,

Nos. 4 and 6 on King Street.

S. W. Millspaugh
& Co.

In the place to buy

**School Books,
Ink, Slates,
Pencil Boxes,
Tablets**

and School Material of all kinds.

S. W. Millspaugh & Co.
20 North Street.

William F. Royce

Successor to

CHARLES E. SMILEY.

Wholesale and retail dealer in the best grades of

COAL

Pittston, Lehigh & Lackawanna

Red Ash, Stove and

Chestnut a Specialty. Also

LUMBERLAND COAL

Blacksmiths always on hand at No. 10 Henry
Street, Middletown, N. Y.

A TRUTHFUL SAILOR.

RELATES THE EXPERIENCE IN WHICH
HE SWORE NEVER TO LIE.

Two Seamen, Father and Son, Swallowed
by a Shark, but Both Were Rescued In
Marvelous Manner—A Day That Was
Certainly Very Hot.

"Have I ever seen a shark? Ask my
mate—he that's rowing that 'ere couple
out yonder. We were shipmates to
gether the Rajapoohali Indian.
His father, who is dead and gone
this 20 years or more, was carpenter
aboard her.

"Well, one day we were becalmed or
the line, when, says young Bill—he was
young Bill then, him as I just pointed
out to you—says he, 'I shall have a
swim round 'er cooler,' for, believe
me, the sun was that hot we had to
throw buckets of water on the deck to
keep it from catching fire.

"In fact, a pig we killed the day
before we hung aloft and roasted him in
the sun, catching the gravy in a bucket,
and he was done beautifully.

"So in he goes head first, with his
mates on, and me and his old man
looked over the side just abaft the fore-
rigging to see him come to the top of
the water again.

"But no Bill could we see, and, in-
stead of him up came a tremendous
shark, with his sides sticking out as if
he had a cargo inside over and above
his regular bill of lading.

"It was then as clear to us as the
nose on our faces that poor Bill had
dived clear down his throat.

"The poor old man had a fit right
away, and we carried him below to see how
the old man was getting on, and to our
astonishment and sorrow we found his
body nearly cold and as stiff as the fly-
ing jibboom.

"We sewed him up in his hammock,
putting the grindstone that he used to
grind his tools with inside to make it
sink and laid the body on a batch, with
the union jack spread over it for a pall.

"Then the skipper read the funeral
service, all of us standing round dread-
fully cut up, me especially, for young
Bill was my messmate, and I was very
fond of the old man.

"As soon as the skipper had finished
the last words, which I shall never for-
get, they was so solemn, the hatch was
tipped up, and overboard the body went
with a splash, and all was over, at least
we thought so.

"But almost immediately afterward
up comes another shark, a bigger one,
it seemed, than the first.

"The boatswain at once ran for the
shark hook and baited it with a hunk of
pork and slung it over the stern, and it was
not many minutes before we had
him hooked and hauled on deck.

"Well, the first thing we did was to
cut his tail off, for he was flapping it
about so that it shook the ship from
stem to stern, that we were afraid it
would shake her to pieces.

"After we had done that we thought
we heard a very strange noise inside of
him—a sort of grating sound, like a boat
being dragged over a shingly beach.

"So we set to and cut off his head
and then ripped him up, when, what, what
do you think? What should we see, to our
great astonishment and delight, but Bill
and his father sitting upright like two
Jonahs, the youngster turning the grind
stone and the old man sharpening his
knife, intending to eat their way out of
the creature's belly.

"You say I said the old man was
dead? Please don't interrupt me, and
I'll tell you all about it.

"There's no doubt but what he seemed
dead, but it was only his blood froze
with horror, and the shark warned him
to life again. What made him most un-
comfortable, Bill said, was the slippery-
ness and topsy turviness of the
place, for there was no rest at all, for
one minute he was standing on his
head and the next on his feet, and then
he would be tossed from one side to the
other, sometimes getting jammed be-
tween the ribs, and he wondered the
meal didn't disagree with the fish itself.

"But at last came the climax, and
Bill thought it was all over with him,
for down its throat was shot a heavy
body like that of a sack of coal right
atop of him, nearly smothering him, so
that he had scarcely room to move or
breathe, and he must have been some
time insensible, he said, when he was
woke up with a loud report.

"He thought for a moment the crea-
ture had swallowed a powder barrel and
it had exploded, but it was only the
bursting of the canvas shroud the old
man was sewed up in which had blown
up like a paper bag.

"The noise in its inside, Bill said,
must have astonished the shark, for he
again found himself standing upon his
head, so he knew it was making for the
surface, and on reaching there it opened
its enormous jaws for air, when a flood
of light entered between the rows of
teeth which enabled Bill on gaining his
feet to take stock of his lodgings, and
the very first thing that he saw was his
old father crawling out from under the
canvas like a chick from its shell.

"The old man had caught sight of
the grindstone and soon put it into
working order, and on the fish once
more coming to the top and again ad-
mitting light Bill at once saw what
was in the wind, and they commenced
business at once, when they were start-
led by a sudden change in the shark's
movements, and soon they distinctly
heard the sound of human voices, and
they knew they were saved.

"Well, we all was so thankful at
their miraculous escape from the jaws
of death that every mother's son of us
on board took our solemn affidavits that
we'd never tell a lie or anything of that
kind again, and me and my mate have
kept our words ever since."—Chicago
Times.

COTTOLENE.

You Will

never need another dose of Dyspepsia Medicine
after a meal, if your food is cooked with Cottolene,
the new vegetable shortening, instead of lard.
Cottolene aids the digestive powers—lard destroys
them, which will you choose? The genuine
Cottolene is identified by this
trade mark—steer's head in cot-
ton-plant wreath—on every pail.

Made only by
The N. K. Fairbank Company,
CHICAGO, and
Produce Exchange, New York.

TRADE MARK

OLD HICKORY'S WAYS.

Two Characteristic Stories of Jackson's
Bluntness When He Was President.

General Armstrong, assistant com-
missioner of Indian affairs, thinks that
Andrew Jackson was one of the greatest
men this country ever produced and
has a number of stories which were told
him by his uncle, who was an intimate
friend of Old Hickory. One of them is
very characteristic of the man.

Lewis Cass, secretary of war, was
over at the White House one day with
some important papers for the president
to sign, among them being a court mar-
tial findings.

"Cass, what is this?" inquired Jack-
son as he was about to write his name
to the document.

"It is a court martial," answered
Cass.

"What have I to do with it?" asked
the president.

"It dismisses an officer from the ser-
vice, and the president must sign such
orders."

Jackson toyed with the paper and
said musingly: "Dismisses him from
the army, eh? Why?"

"Drunkenness; getting drunk and
falling down on parade or something of
that kind," answered the secretary.

"Who ordered the court?" asked Jack-
son.

"General Scott," answered Cass.

"Who is it?" inquired the president,
with more interest.

"Inspector General Kraun," replied
Cass.

"What!" shouted Jackson. "My old
friend Kraun! Cass, just read what
that paper says."

The secretary read the usual form of
the court martial sentence in such cases.
The president then took the paper and
wrote across the bottom where he was
about to sign his name:

"The within findings are disappro-
ved, and Colonel Kraun is restored to
his duty and rank."

He passed the paper back to Secretary
Cass and said, with his usual rever-
ence:

"By the Eternal, Cass, when you and
Scott serve your country as well as that
man has, you can get drunk on duty ev-
ery day."

A young man from Tennessee, son of
a friend of General Jackson's, came to
Washington for a place. He looked
about and found what he wanted. It
was in the war department and filled
by a very efficient Whig, whom Secre-
tary Cass would not remove. The young
man told Jackson the situation, and
Cass was sent for.

"Cass," said the president, "this
young man, son of my old friend, says
you have got a place in the war depart-
ment filled by a Whig which you won't
give him."

Secretary Cass explained that the
duties of the office were of a peculiar
kind, and he could find no one to fill the
place if the man now in it should be re-
moved. Jackson flared up.

"By the Eternal, Cass, do you mean
to tell me you have an office in your
department filled by a Whig which can't
be filled by a Democrat? Then abolish
the office!"

The young man got his place.—Wash-
ington Post.

ANOTHER DELUGE.

The Boy Believed In God's Promise, but
Was A Bit Scared.

Boys—that is, small boys—have queer
ideas in their little heads, often finding
expression in unique speech. That
they are truthful, or at least intend to
be so, goes without saying. During the
recent local flood a little boy about 6
years old stood at the window watching
the rain as it rained. It seemed to him
that he had never seen anything like it;
had never in his brief experience no-
ticed such strong indications of a regu-
lar old fashioned flood. Finally he confided
his fears to his mother, asking if she
didn't think that God was going to
brown out the world again.

Here was the golden opportunity for
impressing upon the mind of a child
the teachings of the Bible. So she said calmly,
"Don't you remember, Archibald, that you learned in Sunday
school that God promised that he
wouldn't drown the world again?" The
little fellow watched the increasing rain
a moment in silence while he pondered
earnestly on the momentous question.
"Yes," he said slowly, "yes, I suppose I've got to believe what God says, but
but—but—and he shut his lips hard—
but this is a devil of a shower."—
Stillwater (Minn.) Gazette.

Cardinal Gibbons on Suffrage.

Cardinal Gibbons, in a recent sermon
at the Baltimore cathedral, said on the
question of woman suffrage:

The church follows the teachings of
St. Paul, that woman is equal to man,
when he declares that God makes no
distinction as to nationality, race or
sex. It seems to me fearful to con-
template what would have been the
condition of society today if it had not been
for the restraining, sanctifying and pur-
ifying influence of woman. Woman
does not today exercise the right of suffrage.
She cannot vote, and I am heartily
glad of it. I hope the day will never
come when she can vote, and if the
right is granted her I hope she will re-
gret it, even though there are some mis-
guided women who think they want it.
Rest assured, if woman entered politics,
she would be sure to carry away with
her some of the mud and dirt of the
political contact. She, too, would lose
some of the influence which she now
exerts.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—The week opened on the Stock Exchange with a rather unsettled feeling, owing to the uncertainty which seemed to prevail as to the government bond issue. The tendency of prices was toward lower figures until midday, when speculation became steady, but in the late dealings the market again eased off, and closed weak.

Closing bid: Lehigh Valley..... 35 W. N. Y. & Pa. 6 Pennsylvania..... 14½ Erie..... 14½ Reading..... 17½ D. L. & W. 15½ St. Paul..... 6½ West Shore..... 16½ Lehigh Nat. 48 N. Y. Central 10½ N. Y. & L. I. 22½ Lake Erie & W. M. 10½ New Jersey Cen. 96½ Del. & Hudson.... 12½

General Markets.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—Flour firm, winter super., \$2.92 10; winter extra, \$2.20 2.10; No. 2 winter family, \$2.07 2.50; Pennsylvania roller straight, \$2.50 2.65; western winter clear, \$2.40 2.50. Wheat higher, firm, with 5½c. bid and 5½c. asked for November. Corn firm, higher, with 5½c. bid and 5½c. asked for December. Oats quiet, firmer, with 3½c. bid and 3½c. asked for November. Hay firm; good to choice timothy, \$1.50 1.75. Beet steady. Pork higher; new mess, 14½c. 14½c. family, \$1.12 1.14; short clear, \$1.40 1.41. Lard firmers; western steam, \$7.82 2c; city, \$7.12 1.14; butter firmers; western dairy, 10½c. do; creamery, 10½c. 12½c.; do; factory, 10½c. Elkins, 2½c.; imitation creamery, 13½c.; New York dairy, 13½c.; do; creamery, 18½c.; Pennsylvania creamery prints, extra, 25c.; do; choice, 25c.; do, fair to good, 22½c.; prints Jobbing at 27½c. Cheese firm: New York, large, 6½c.; fancy, small, 8½c.; 11c.; part skim, 3½c.; full skins, 2½c. Eggs quiet; New York and Pennsylvania, 2½c. Eggs quiet; New York and Pennsylvania, 2½c. Refrigerator, 17½c. 20c.; western fresh, 18½c.

Live Stock Markets.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—Beefes closed slow, a shade easier; native steers, poor to fair, prime, \$3.50 1.50; oxen, \$1.50 2.00; bulls, \$1.85 2.00; dry cows, \$1.27 2.15. Calves, lower; poor to prime veals, \$5.75; grassers, \$2.50 2.50; western calves, \$2.75 3.75. Sheep and lambs slow; poor to prime sheep, \$1.50 2.25; lambs to prime lambs, \$2.00 2.25.

EAST LIBERTY, Nov. 12.—Cattle stronger; prime, \$2.75 3.50; good, \$1.92 2.70; fair light steers, \$1.25 1.50. Hogs steady; Philadelphia, \$1.70 2.40; common to fair Yorkers, \$1.40 1.70; roughs, \$1.24. Sheep steady and unchanged.

Died Protesting His Innocence.

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 12.—Peter Birch, recently junior of the Lafayette street school, who was convicted on Friday of criminal assault on Albertina Martin, 14 years old, and who was to have been sentenced yesterday, died early in the day, as alleged, of a broken heart. His last words were: "I am innocent of the crime."

Cornell Will Send Crew to England.

ITHACA, N. Y., Nov. 13.—The Cornell Athletic council held a protracted session in the university gymnasium last evening and discussed the advisability of sending a crew to England next June to compete in the Henley regatta. After considering all the circumstances the council voted unanimously to send a crew.

Died on the Elevated Railroad.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—J. Hood Wright, who was a partner in the banking house of Drexel, Morgan & Co., died suddenly last night in an elevated railroad station. He was 57 years old.

NUGGETS OF NEWS.

Heavy floods are reported from the south-western part of England.

The general assembly of the Knights of Labor opened at New Orleans today.

Owing to family troubles Ben O. Jones, a prominent citizen of Metropolis, Ky., shot himself fatally.

A violent gale prevailed in Paris yesterday. Many accidents caused by falling chimneys have been reported.

At an election pollification near Cove Gap, W. Va., Alvin Duran was killed by John Martin, who was arrested.

Henry Martin, 17 years old, tried to shoot his brother in law at Pittston, Pa. His mother stepped between them and was perhaps fatally shot.

Prized for Annexation.

HONOLULU, Nov. 9, via Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 15.—The first election of the new republic was a failure from a political point of view. On this, the principal island, there was only one man who ran against the government, and he was defeated. Every candidate was pledged to support annexation, to the exclusion of every thing else. No definite date has been set yet, but it is hardly likely that the legislature will be called together until after Jan. 1.

Victory for the Nun Teachers.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 13.—Judge Dean, of the state supreme court, yesterday handed down an opinion in the case of John Halsom et al. vs. the school district of Galitzin borough, an appeal from Judge Parker, of the court below, who refused an injunction to prevent runs from teaching in the public schools dressed in the garb of the order. Judge Dean affirms Judge Parker's decision. Judge Williams dissent.

A Long Political Contest Ended.

READING, Pa., Nov. 13.—After a contest of two years the court yesterday afternoon declared William A. Witman, Democrat, the select councilman from the Thirteenth ward. Select council met last night to swear him in, but the Republicans and one Democrat failed to appear.

Schaefer Defeats Ives.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—In the first billiard game between Schaefer and Ives the score was as follows: Schaefer, 600; Ives, 568. Average—Schaefer, 5.5 17½; Ives, 16. Highest runs—Schaefer, 129; Ives, 133.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by J. E. Mills, druggist, Middlebury, Vt.

Rheumatism Cured in Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia; radical cures in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Seventy-five cents. Sold by J. E. Mills, druggist, Middlebury, Vt.

SYRACUSE'S SAPPHO.

The Woman Who Wants to Be an American Poet Laureate and President.

Syracuse has an aspirant for the position of poet laureate of America. But, being a loyal member of the Union, she does not wish to be called by a title as suggestive of the effete monarchies as "poet laureate" and has therefore declared in favor of "national poetess." She is Mrs. Sarah Ulrich Kelley, and she modestly describes herself as hymn writer and prospective national poetess of the United States, nominated by a very large majority of editors.

Mrs. Kelley is a remarkable woman.

She proposes not only to be national poetess, but president as well. She intends to sing herself into glory, dominion and power. As poet laureate of these great United States it will be but a step to the presidential chair, for by the act which congress must adopt her salary will exceed that of the chief justice of the supreme bench and will be inferior only to that of the president himself. Concerning this vital feature of her set plan, Mrs. Kelley said: "If I were national poet, I should give all my salary away. I will leave the question of compensation to congress, but I want it fixed at \$12,000 a year."

Mrs. Kelley has liberal notions as to the treatment of men when she is president. Her cabinet, she says, will not be composed entirely of men or women, but there will be fair and equitable compromise. She thinks that Susan B. Anthony's great mistake lies in her attitude toward men.

An example of Mrs. Kelley's poetry, called "Syracuse in a Rainy Day," has some gems of thought. She says, referring to a war claim which she has against the government:

I hope dear congress kindly pays me my just war claim.

For what he spent for comrades when he gained his fame.

I trust the Fifty-third will appoint me laureate. I made a great sacrifice. I ought to sit in state.

—New York World.

MORE RESPECT FOR JAPANESE.

Heil in Higher Popular Estimation Since Their Victories in Korea.

A local effect of the war in the orient is the increased respect in which the Japanese in and about this city are held.

For years their greatest complaint was that they were constantly confounded with the Chinese, whom they hate and despise as an inferior race. Now that the superiority of the Japanese has been brought to the public notice in the most unmistakable manner have risen many degrees in the public estimation and are no longer hooted and jeered at as "Chinks" or "washee washees." A young Japanese medical student, a graduate of an American college, who lives in a colony of orientals not far from the bridge in Brooklyn, spoke of this to a reporter.

Nothing could have been of so great benefit to the Japanese in this country," said he, "as our victories in the Chinese war. Our constant struggle here has been to get recognition as a separate race, but even your intelligent classes seemed to make no difference between us and the Monzols. 'Oh, he's a Chinaman or a Japanese or something,' people would say, as if it were all the same thing. But what we might not have been able to secure for a generation this war has done for us in a few months, and we find ourselves recognized as being on the same plane with intelligent Europeans who come over here. The fact is that no other race so soon learns the American customs and language."

Then he related this illustration of the changed feeling toward the Japanese. He was walking along the street when he met two small boys. One of them shouted:

"Get on to the Chink! Hi, Chink, got a washee—N—"

"Shut up, you chump," the other boy said to him. "That ain't no Chink. That's a Jap. You'll git huked if you fool with them. Them Japs is scrapers." —New York Sun.

It Made Him Light Headed.

Candidates for poet laureate still abound. An Edinburgh bard lately wrote to the first lord of the treasury that he was fully competent to fill the post, and that he was willing to do the work at the old salary. Another aspirant, known as the Aberdeen Lounie, recently placed his services at the disposal of Lord Rosebery in a letter with this postscript, "If you should happen to have another man in your eye for the laureateship, I will be thankful for a government post of any kind in the meantime, or a suit of your castoff clothes, for that matter."

The letter was acknowledged by Lord Rosebery, who knew better than to wound a poet's sensitive feelings. The result in this case was so lively a celebration on the part of the applicant for the laureateship that he was brought into the police station. In answer to the charge he said: "Excuse me. I had a letter from Lord Rosebery, and it went to my head." —Boston Transcript.

A New Mode of Dueling.

Gil Blas, a lively organ published in Paris, gives a description of a duel in India between two English officers, whose names are given, which it is possible will be the first news that those gentlemen receive of the encounter. It appears that they caused a venomous serpent to be shut up in a dark room.

An hour later the two adversaries simultaneously entered the room by different doors. Ten minutes afterward one of them was bitten and died within a short time. As for the other, whose hair had turned completely white, he is to be court martialled. —London Tit-Bits.

Only Four Left.

Since the death of Holmes there are only four surviving members of the class of 1829 of Harvard—namely, Dr. Edward L. Cunningham of Newport, R. I.; the Rev. Samuel May, the Rev. Samuel F. Smith of Newton, the author of "America," and Charles S. Storror of Boston.

VERNON, N. J.

First Snow—Donation—The Rabbit Sea-

son The Vote of Vernon—Social.

Correspondence Argus and MERCURY.

—The first snow of the season fell

Nov. 5th.

—There was a donation at William Strait's, last Wednesday evening, for the Rev. Mr. Williston. The amount donated was about \$14.

—The rabbit season open Monday of this week, but the game appears to be rather scarce.

—A. S. Blanchard will go to Illinois, this week, on a visit.

—Even Vernon township went Re-

publican by over 60 majority. Fol-

lowing is the vote cast for both the

Republican and Democratic candi-

dates: For Member of Congress,

Mahlon Pitney, R., 185; Johnstun Cornish, D., 117; for State Senator,

Jacob Gould, R., 182; Andrew J. Ball, D., 121; for Member of Assembly,

Robert P. Courson, R., 182; Emmet H. Bell, D., 121.

—About four inches of snow fell in

this place, Thursday.

—William Van Etten spent last

week with relatives in Port Jervis.

—There was a social at the resi-

dence of Mr. Lewis Martin, last Wed-

nesday night, for the Rev. T. M.

Grinnell.

OLD BOY.

JOHNSON.

Sympathy for Mrs. Merritt—Personal

Mention.

Correspondence Argus and MERCURY.

—Miss Blanche Merritt, of Port

Jervis, has the sympathy of many

friends hereabouts in the great mis-

fortune that has come upon her in

the amputation of her leg. She

taught school near here last year and

was well liked.

—Mr. Richard O'Connor, who ob-

tained a position in New York city a

short time ago, came home election

day to vote.

—Mr. Webb Harrison, milk agent

on the O. and W., spent Saturday

evening and Sunday at the home of

his parents.

GREENVILLE.

Merry Sleigh Belts Don't Forget It—

Did Not Vote—Singing School.

Correspondence Argus and MERCURY.

—Sleigh bells were heard on our

roads last Thursday.

—All will remember the supper to

be given in Simpson's Hall, Tuesday

evening.

—About seventy voters who were

registered in this township failed to

vote at the recent election.

—It is rumored that an attempt

will be made to organize a singing

school in this village.

—Rev. Mr. Chadwick, of Otisville,

will preach in the M. E. Church, next

**Carpets,
Furniture,
Wall Paper,
Crockery, Etc.**

We are showing some beautiful new designs in fall

CARPETINGS

and the prices were never so low.

IN FURNITURE

we have some exclusive patterns at very low figures.

WALL PAPER.

Well, just come and ask the price. It costs but little to paper a house at the price we are selling it at.

We are hustlers for trade. Come in and be convinced that the prices are right at

**THE
C. E. Crawford Furniture Co.
44-46 North Street.
Middletown, N. Y.
Factory—Newburgh.**

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR COMPLEXION?
If you are not, use Bailey's Complexion Soap. No cosmetics, powders, creams, balms or lotions, that fill up the pores, can help your skin to health and natural healthy color that only comes from healthy conditions. Bailey's Complexion Soap is an article of real merit. Its regular price is 25 cents—our price is 10 cents per cake.

McMonagle & Rogers.

"Swiss Bouquet,"
The new perfume (trade mark and formula ours), which we offered to the public, has so grown in popularity that we call especial attention to it. Ladies, give it a trial.

McMonagle & Rogers.

Hosiery -- Underwear --

Gloves.

Don't forget that we make a specialty of these goods, for ladies and children, and doesn't it stand to reason that we can sell you these goods cheaper, and show you more complete lines, when this is almost our sole object?

Ladies' and Children's Furnishings.

C. W. FANCHER & CO.,

7 West Main Street.

DAILY ARGUS.

OFFICIAL CITY PAPER.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

BY UNITED PRESS.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Rain or snow, warmer in the interior; increasing southeasterly winds.

THE TEMPERATURE.

The following was the registry of the thermometer at Frank's drug store, to-day:

7 A. M., 30°; 12 M., 41°; 3 P. M., 48°.

AMUSEMENT AND RECREATION.

Nov. 13.—Uncle Tom's Cabin, at the Cas no.

Nov. 15.—Concert by choir of 1st Presbyterian Church.

Nov. 15.—Fay Foster Burlesque Co., at the Casino.

Nov. 16.—"Tim, the Trinker," at the Casino.

Nov. 22.—The concert of the Schubert Club series, at First Baptist Church.

Dec. 5.—The keeper of "L. Midway m-rning's Dream," by Charles F. Underhill for the Y. M. C. A.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A large and complete assortment of fine clothing at J. Gillis'.

Hot soda apparatus for sale by John J. Chambers.

Hand-made goods for sale Nov. 17th.

Fifty cases for sale by A. & G. Greear.

Mr. D. Edwards, clairvoyant, can be found at 14 Cortland street.

Silversmiths in a small family.

Slates for \$5.75. See ad of Isaac Lipfield, to-morrow.

LIVE LOCAL TOPICS.

There are 5,436 railway surgeons employed by the railroads of the United States and Canada.

Willard Swartout, driver of a milk wagon in Binghamton, was bitten on the face and lips, yesterday, by a horse which he was harnessing, and badly disfigured.

The first ward at the Hudson River State Hospital is said to be the prettiest ward in the State.—*Poughkeepsie News-Press*.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Casino, to-night, will undoubtedly be greeted with a crowded house. Nobody ever tires of the play.

Don't forget the sociable and entertainment to be given by the Junior Union of the First Baptist Church, Tuesday evening of this week. No admission is charged.

A large majority of railroad companies report increases in earnings for the fourth week in October. The general tendency throughout the country is toward an increase in railroad prosperity.

The report of President Schurman, of Cornell University, shows that there are twenty-six students from Orange county in the University, two from Sullivan and four each from Ulster and Delaware.

I'mira had a dry Sunday. A spasm of virtue struck the city authorities, Saturday, and the officers notified the saloon keepers that they must keep closed, Sunday.

MERCHANTS are preparing for the holiday trade and some of them already have part of their holiday stock on their shelves and counters.

A special communication of Hoffman Lodge, No. 412, F. and A. M., will be held this evening. The First or Entered Apprentice degree will be conferred on three candidates.

Mrs. Sarah F. Gillespie, of Pine Bush, in a few days will take possession of her new house on Beacon street, near Wisner avenue, which she recently purchased of Frank G. Kain, through the agency of John Ferruson.

The Blue Rock Land Company, of Passaic, organized by John F. Elligour to introduce blue stone as a building material, is in financial trouble. Work on the row of blue stone houses it was building has been stopped and six lots have been filed against them.

PERSONAL.

The Norwich Sun says that A. D. Sharpe, of Middletown, was in Norwich, Sunday.

Mr. John J. Nolan, of East Main street, is confined to this bed with a severe attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. P. L. Buchanan, of Great Notch, N. J., who has been visiting her brother, Alderman Bowler, on Monhagen avenue, returned home, to-day.

Herbert Gedney, Esq., of this city, is advertised to address the meeting of the Newburgh Y. M. C. A. at the Academy of Music, next Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartlett, of Franklin, Delaware county, who have been visiting their cousin, Mrs. Geo. M. Millspaugh, on Orchard street, returned home, to-day.

Mrs. Wm. Millspaugh, who has been visiting at her former home in Elyria, O., for the past four months, is expected home, this evening. She will be accompanied by her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Nichols, who will probably spend the winter here.

Mrs. Ed. Flood and her brother, John Welch, went to Paterson, yesterday, having been called there by a telegram announcing the serious illness of their mother, Mrs. Michael Welch, who is suffering from pneumonia.

Break His Collar Bone.

Harry Green, the eleven-year-old son of Mrs. Chas. H. Brink, while practicing in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, last evening, fell from the horizontal bar sustaining a fracture of the collar bone.

Ladies' and Children's Furnishings.

THE NOVEMBER CIRCUIT.

OPENED IN NEWBURGH, YESTERDAY

JUDGE BROWN PR SIDING.

Charge to the Grand Jury—The Judge's Comments on Orange County's Court Houses—Pleased with the improvements at Newburgh and thinks something should be done at Goshen—Call of the Calendar—Disposition of Cases.

At the opening of the Circuit Court in Newburgh, yesterday, Selah E. Strong, of Blooming Grove, was made foreman of the Grand Jury. After the charge to the Grand Jury, Judge Brown made a brief address complimenting the Board of Supervisors upon the improvements to the Court House and suggesting that some attention be given to the court room at Goshen.

The call of the calendar resulted in the disposition of cases as follows:

READY.

John H. Farrelly vs. George J. Hubbard.

The case of Thomas F. Farrell vs. John D. Campbell was reserved. Also the case of E. C. Beirne vs. John D. Campbell. Also that of the National Bank of Middletown vs. Jacob Brown and another.

The case of John Brady vs. J. Harry Holt has been referred.

Cases of Gen. Williams vs. Anthony Meyer, S. M. Hull vs. Wm. Lee and another; Ramsdell Trustees vs. Patrick Hart, and Robinson vs. Powell were placed upon the calendar.

S. M. Lindsey, of Ulica, is in Newburgh to conduct the defense of the Register in its libel suits. Yesterday morning, he made a motion to have the case of W. H. Weston vs. F. A. Willard placed upon the calendar at 45%, stating that it had been inadvertently left off. Colonel Dickey objected, but Judge Brown granted the motion, as notice had been served upon both parties.

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**WHEN I WAS A BOY.**

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy, a little boy,
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle bed,
Pathing the tangled curly head;
While moccasons played at hide and seek
With the dimples on each sun-brown cheek.
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, oh, the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For the grace that through the lattice stream-
ed
Over my folded eyelids seemed
To have the gift of prophecy.
And to bring me glimpses of times to be
Where manhood's churlion seemed to call.
Ah, that was the sweetest dream of all!
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would peep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the years away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then
When I was a boy—a little boy!

Eugene Field in Chicago Record.

SILENT SISTERS.

They had quarreled in girlhood and mutually declared their intention never to speak to each other again, witting and drying their forefingers to the accompaniment of an ancient childish incantation, and while they lived on the paternal farm they kept their foolish oath with the stubbornness of a slow country stock, despite the alternate coaxing and chastisement of their parents, notwithstanding the perpetual everyday contact of their lives, through every vicissitude of season and weather, of sowing and reaping, of sun and shade, of joy and sorrow.

Death and misfortune did not reconcile them, and when their father died and the old farm was sold up they traveled to London in the same silence, by the same train, in search of similar situations.

Service separated them for years, though there was only a stone's throw between them. They often stared at each other in the streets, Honor, the elder, married a local artisan; 2½ years later Mercy, the younger, married a fellow workman of Jane's husband. The two husbands were friends and often visited each other's houses, which were on opposite sides of the same sordid street, and the wives made them welcome. Neither Honor nor Mercy suffered an allusion to the breach. It was understood that their silence must be received in silence.

Each of the sisters had a quiverful of children, who played and quarreled together in the streets and in one another's houses, but not even the street affrays and mutual grievances of the children could provoke the mothers to words. They stood at their doors in impotent fury, almost bursting with the torture of keeping their mouths shut against the effervescence of angry speech. When either lost a child, the other watched the funeral from her window, dumb as the mutes.

The years rolled on, and still, the river of silence flowed between their lives. Their good looks faded. The burden of life and of their childbearing was heavy upon them. Gray hairs streaked their brown tresses, then brown hairs streaked their gray tresses. The pockers of age replaced the dimples of youth. The years rolled on, and Death grew busy among the families. Honor's husband died, and Mercy lost a son, who died a week after his wife. Cholera took several of the younger children. But the sisters themselves lived on, bent and shriveled by toil and sorrow even more than by the slow frost of the years.

Then one day Mercy took to her deathbed. An internal disease, too long neglected, would carry her off within a week. So the doctor told Jim, Mercy's husband.

Through him the news traveled to Honor's oldest son, who still lived with her. By the evening it reached Honor.

As Honor entered Mercy's sickroom, with pursed lips, a light leaped into the wasted, wrinkled countenance of the dying creature. She raised herself slightly in bed, her lips parted, then shut tightly, and her face darkened.

Honor turned angrily to Mercy's husband, who hung about impotently.

"Why did you let her run down so low?" she said. "I don't know," the old man stammered, taken back by her presence even more than by her question. "She was always a woman to say nothing."

Honor put him impatiently aside and examined the medicine bottle on the bedside table.

"Isn't it time she took her dose?"

"I dessay."

Honor snorted wrathfully. "What's the use of a man?" she inquired as she carefully measured out the fluid and put it to her sister's lips, which opened to receive it and then closed tightly again.

"How is your wife feeling now?" Honor asked after a pause.

"How are you now, Mercy?" asked the old man awkwardly. The old woman shook her head. "I'm a-goin fast, Jim," she grumbled weakly, and a tear of self pity trickled down her parched cheek.

"Cheer up, Mercy!" quavered the old man heartily.

But Mercy groaned instead and turned fretfully on her other side, with her face to the wall.

"I'm too old; I'm too old," she moaned. "This is the end o' me."

"Did you ever hear the like?" Honor asked Jim angrily as she smoothed his wife's pillow. "She was always conceited about her age, settin herself up as the equals of her elders, and here am I, her elder sister, as carried her in my arms when I was 5 and she was 2, still hate and strong, and with no mind for underground for many a long day. Nigh three times her age I was once, mind you, and now she has the impotence to talk of dyin before me."

She took off her bonnet and shawl

**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by these
Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.
Small Price.

A GREAT OPPORTUNITY

for some one to purchase the

Hulse Farm!

upon the west bank of the Wallkill River, directly opposite "MIDWAY PARK."

The best site in Orange county for hotel—16½ acres. Owner a non-resident, has declined \$100 per acre for some 20 acres. This farm may be subdivided and sold in lots at good figures. Only about 12 minutes' ride from city by electric car, which pass through farm. Much of this land will be worth \$500 per acre within a year. Midway between Goshen and Middletown. Price for entire farm \$90 per acre to quick buyer.

A. V. BOAK,
Real Estate Agent. No. 34 North Street.

WANTED Two thousand dollars First mortgage on fine farm property nearby.

FOR SALE House and lot, No. 28 Cedar street Splendid location.

TO LET Fine store room, on West Main street, Dwelling with all improvements, No. 25 Prentiss street.

CASE & TAYLOR,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents, No. 18 North St., Stern Building, Middletown.

700 Mile**SEA TRIPS**

by the beautiful new Steamships of the

Old Dominion Line

To Old Point Comfort (Hygeia Hotel)

(Princess Ann Hotel) or Virginia Beach
Most delightful resort on the Atlantic Coast
for an

AUTUMN OUTING

may be made for

\$16 OLD POINT COMFORT. - \$16 \$17

VIRGINIA BEACH. - \$17

A day and a quarter at either hotel.

Including EVERY EXPENSE

of meals and berths en route, and a day and a

quarter's board at hotel.

It is an ideal one as a considerable portion of it made through the quiet waters of the famous Hampton Roads and there is little likelihood of seasickness.

Excursion Tickets:

RICHMOND, VA. \$14.00
WASHINGTON, D. C. (by water) - \$14.00

by water, returning via B. & O. Washington, 13.00

The above 3 tickets include air and state room accommodations on Old Dominion ships but not boats. State-room and meals on Washington boat extra. Send for maps and printed matter to

W. L. Guillaudeau, Vice President Traffic Mgr.

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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dra. G. C. OSCAR,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. P. KIRCHER,
Conway, Ark.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

COAL, COAL, COAL
BODINE & CO.,
DEALERS IN

Lehigh and All Kinds of Free Burning Coal.
Cumberland Coal for smelting purposes, Charcoal, etc.

OFFICE AND YARD, NO. 15 DEPOT STREET
TELEPHONE CALL NO. 65.
S. H. BODINE. L. G. WILSON. J. D. WOOD

**Wet Weather Shoes**

are the needs of to-day, and I am prepared to satisfy the demand I have. Shew hat will keep you free dry and

RUBBERS

to fit any shape of shoe. Ladies can get a pair of gold East Rubbers at my store that will not fail off in the mud.

RUBBER BOOTS

for the smallest child or the largest man a

J. G. HARDING'S,

25 West Main street,

Middletown, N. Y.



Paterfamilias—Don't you think you were rather unwise to propose to my daughter when you are not able to support a family?

Sutor—Great Scott! I didn't know she had any; didn't know she had been married before—Brooklyn Life.

Vindicated.

"We shall now," announced the chairlady, "hear the report of the special committee appointed to investigate complaints as to costumes worn on the stage."

The secretary read as follows:

"MADAM PRESIDENT AND LADIES—Your committee to which was referred complaints as to the costumes worn by women on the stage begs leave to report:

"That the complaints are unfounded."

"Your committee was unable to find a stage costume that didn't fit perfectly lovely."

"Your committee believes the costumes are just too sweet, and oh, in the opinion of your committee, you just ought to see them!"

"All of which is respectfully submitted."—Detroit Tribune.

True to the Life.

One morning banker stepped into his office and most cordially greeted his bookkeeper, who had entered his service just 25 years before, at the same time handing him a closed envelope, with the remark: "This is to serve you as a momento of the present occasion." The grateful recipient did not venture at first to open the envelope until encouraged to do so by a nod and smile from his employer. And what do you think it contained? The banker's photograph—that, and nothing more. The bookkeeper was dumb.

"Well, what do you think of it?" his principal inquired.

"It's just like you," was the reply.—L'Avenir de Carquigny-Marquis.

Changed Conditions.

"This business ain't what it used to be," wailed the fortune teller.

"So?" responded the clairvoyant.

"No, indeed. It has got to be now so that you can't tell whether a young woman wants you to predict that she will marry a rich husband or that she will be president of the United States."—Indianapolis Journal.

Consolation.

Miss Silligur (sobbing)—I think it's awful mean. That horrid Jones girl has been saying that I paint.

Miss Meathesse—Never mind, dear. I guess if she had your complexion she'd paint too.—Chicago Record.

All Right.

First Modern Statesman.—Notice anything crooked up at the polls?

Second Ditto.—Not a thing. Every man has voted just as he was paid to do.

Buffalo Courier.

Money and Time Saved By Buying Your Clothing at

CHAS. WOLFE & SON'S.

It is your own fault if you are not comfortably clothed, as we are selling clothing at remarkably low prices. Grand display of Winter Suits, Overcoats, Ulsters, etc. Everybody invited to examine goods and prices—Men's Suits from \$3 up, Men's Overcoats and Ulsters \$3 up. Our Natural Wool Underwear at 50c is having a big sale; call and see it. We shall not be undersold! Our prices always the lowest!

CHAS. WOLFF & SON

The oldest established and most reliable clothiers in the city, 43 James street, Middletown, N. Y.

TRUNKS!
AND
Traveling Bags!
of All Kinds and Descriptions.**Matthews & Co., Carpet Bag Factory**

Middletown, N. Y.

POSTING A BOY.

Inidentally He Posted a Letter From the Boy's Mother.

A colored boy with a letter in his hand was critically inspecting a fire alarm box on Brush street when an old negro who was limping along stopped to call out:

"Boy, what ya want wid dat box?"

"Lookin," replied the boy.

"Well, yo' be mighty careful how yo' look. Dat han't no mailbox. If yo' put a letter in it, it will dun go right down to de ingine house and call out de ingine. Dece young folks growin up doan' seem to know beans!"

"I knowed what it was," protested the boy.

"No, yo' didn't. Powerful lucky fur yo' dat I cum along here. Hand me dat letter! Dey tell how smart dese young folks ar', but dat's all talk. Now, den, dis dun a finchion on dis co'ner, an dat's a mailbox on dat co'ner. Cum along wid me."

The boy followed him across the street, and the old man opened the lid of the box and pushed the letter in and said:

"See how it's dun? Next time yo' wants to mail a letter yo'!"

"But I didn't want to mail it," interrupted the boy.

"Why not?"

"Kase it was a letter writ by my mudder to a white lady down yere to say she couldn't clean house fur her today. Dat wasn't no name or stamp on de envelope."

The old man stood with open mouth and looked at the boy for half a minute and then shouted:

"Boy, if I eber dun catch yo' in my alley some night, I'll givin to give you such a kickin dat yo'll member me fur de next fo' hundred y'ars!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Question or a Shot.

On the occasion of a reception recently held in the rooms of the Montreal Art Association, Lord Aberdeen related that while on a visit to Lieutenant Governor Royal of the Northwest Territory he was remarking on the many hardships and lack of necessities the settlers had to put up with. Mr. Royal assured him they did well enough, and were not easily daunted by adverse circumstances, meeting all contingencies as they arose. He instanced the case where a Montreal merchant, being on a tour through an outlying district, put up overnight at a small tavern, and who, the next morning, was ushered into the small dining room by the landlord himself, all attention despite his want of savior faire. After seating the gentleman at table and inquiring if he had slept well he asked, "And what will you have for breakfast, sir?"

Our traveler had noted the absence of table linen and replied that he would like a napkin first. Mine best hustled out of the room into the kitchen, where he was heard for some little time talking very loud, but presently returning said, "I am very sorry we have no napkins for breakfast this morning, sir, but you may depend upon having one tomorrow, even if I have to go out and shoot it myself."

Life's Calendar.

Not Bargained For.

Eastern Time

17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18</
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WILL WALK FOR \$600 A SIDE.

Wilkinson Taylor's Last Proposition to Charles Clifton.

We are asked by Will Taylor to give space to the following reply to the letter from Walker Charles Clifton, published last week:

Charles Clifton, Elizaville, N.Y.

DEAR SIR:—Having read in the Argus your reply to my challenge to a go-as-you please race, I hereby make you the following proposition:

I will race with you for a purse of \$600 a side, the loser to receive one third of the gate receipts and the winner the balance.

Please understand that I mean business. I do not want to race for fun or glory. It is money I want and if you can't put up a reasonable stake there is no use in spending valuable time and newspaper space in idle talk. Either get down to business or decline my proposition like a man.

WILLISON TAYLOR, JR.

BOARD OF REPRESENTATIVES.

A claim for injuries from a Member of Phoenix Engine Company.

A regular meeting of the Board of Representatives of the Middletown Fire Department was held last evening. A claim of a member of Phoenix Engine Company for two weeks' benefits for injuries sustained while in the performance of his duty at a fire was presented, but was not acted upon, for the reason that the rules of the Board requiring proper notice of the injuries were not complied with.

The rules require that a fireman who sustains injury, or the officers of his company shall notify the President of the Board at once so that the visiting committee may investigate the case.

The claim was referred to the visiting committee to investigate and report at the next meeting. The remainder of the session was devoted to routine business.

RAILROAD MEN AT LAW.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen Sued by Non-Union Men.

When the great Lehigh Valley Railroad strike was in progress, a year ago, representatives of the Brotherhood of Trainmen visited Saer and Waverly and induced about 400 non-union railroad men to go on strike promising them that the Brotherhood would pay each man the same regular salary that he was receiving from the railroad company. The salaries were paid for several months and then payment stopped. The men applied to the Brotherhood, but getting no satisfaction, fifty or more claims were put in a lawyer's hands and in Saturday judgments against the Brotherhood were secured before Justice Murray at Sayer.

The Brotherhood made no defense, but will appeal the cases and fight them in a higher court on the ground that the agreement with the men was void as against public policy.

FAY FOSTER'S BURLESQUERS.

A Good Entertainment Promised at the Casino, Thursday Evening.

The Fay Foster Burlesque Company, known and recognized everywhere as the leading show on the road, will give a special engagement at the Casino, Thursday night, Nov. 15th. The entertainment offered by this excellent organization is undoubtedly superior to the general run in every respect, and that they will meet with the same success that they are accorded elsewhere is an assured fact.

Every act is a feature and every feature is a novelty, and there is not a dull moment in the show from the rise until the fall of the curtain. The house will no doubt be crowded on this occasion, and to avoid the rush seats should be secured in advance.

Derailed at Passaic Bridge.

The derailed switch at Passaic Bridge threw an Erie freight train from the track, yesterday, and travel was blocked for two hours. Had the train not been ditched it would have gone into the river, as the draw was open and the train was not under control as it approached.

Advertisement Letter List.

List of letters remaining uncalled for at the Middletown postoffice for the week ending Nov. 12th:

LADIES.

Emerson, Mrs. E. Moore, Mrs. G. C. Moore, Mr. & Mrs. G. Symore, Annie Gare Carlson, is the

GENTLEMEN.

Dates, A. Quinby, Thos. Shaeffer, S. G. Stevens, S. W. Hough, D. L. Austin, Wm. H. D. J. Austin, Wm. H. Powers, Mrs. M. Terry, F. W. Lepore, John Van Wagener, Wm. O'Leary, J. P. Wright, J. J. Powers, F. C. L. Elwood, Postmaster.

See It in Time.

Catarrh starts in the nasal passages, affecting eyes, ears and throat and is in fact the great enemy of the mucous membrane. Neglected colds in the head almost invariably precede catarrh, causing an excessive flow of mucus, and if the mucus discharge becomes interrupted the disagreeable result of catarrh will follow, such as bad breath, severe pain above forehead and about the eyes, roaring and buzzing sound in the ears and often times a very offensive discharge. Ely's Cream Balsam is the acknowledged cure for these troubles.

For Captain McMonigle & Rogers' Peppermint Essence.

UP THE MIDLAND.

Critically Ill—Leaden—The Blue Stone Boom—Too Many Fish Preserves Can't Compete with the O. and W.—Plowing Up Hop Fields—A Growing Church and Popular Pastor—Big Milk Yield—A Mistake, But No Blunder—Plain Facts About Milk Supply.

Correspondence AGENTS and MERCURY.

M. R. Dodge, one of the best known men in Sullivan county, better known as "Gum," of Rockland, is dangerously ill from inflammation of the bowels. Dr. Bassett, of Dousville, has just been telegraphed for as I write, Monday noon. The sick man is in a critical condition.

W. J. Reynolds, the well known operator in stone along the O. and W., met, Saturday, with an accident that might have proved serious. He was in a hurry to board a train at Cooks Falls, and missing his footing he fell face down and struck his chin against a tie cutting it so badly that the wound had to be stitched.

There will probably be more flag stone uncovered the coming winter than was ever known before. The stone business has held up remarkably well away into cold weather, and as all the stone yards are clean of stone it augurs well for an active trade next season, to begin early in the spring.

During the summer months when trade is active there is not less than a thousand men engaged in the business along the O. and W., and as their wages will average two dollars a day it will be seen at a glance that the stone business is one of no small importance.

Dame Rumor has it that a bill will be before the next Legislature declaring the Beaverkill River, from the State Hatchery up, private waters and that several private clubs will then be established there. This curtailment of the public rights must not be allowed. The waters of these large streams must remain as free as the air we breathe. We have already too many private fish streams and preserves up here, and will tolerate no more of them on what must forever remain public waters.

We want the whole world to come up here and fish and go away with well filled creels, and bring their friends up with them when they come again.

The O. and W. excursions are generally well patronized and much enjoyed by those who go on them and makes a cheap trip for business men and sightseers. The Delaware and Hudson Company makes an effort to compete in and about Sidney, but makes a poor show, as it costs much more by that road, by the time the New York passenger has paid his fare to and from Albany by boat, and then the passenger by that route does not reach the city until next morning.

The growth of the Roscoe Congregational Church is phenomenal. It has only been organized four years, and yet it has a membership equaling if not outnumbering some of its older sister churches. Its pastor, Rev. W. J. Carter, is an earnest worker, and no weeds are allowed to grow in the Lord's vineyard that he can eradicate. Aside from his eloquence and consequent popularity as a preacher in the pulpit, he is in touch with his people in their homes, and in the street, and no one needs a card to approach him with. This world would be better worth living in if we had more men and ministers of Mr. Carter's stamp.

The snow in many places up here is from three to five inches deep. It is seldom we have so much snow so early in the season. If the ground was frozen it would make fair sleighing.

Many of the hop growers of the upper midland counties are talking about the difference in profit between that crop and milk and will, some of them at least, plow up their hop fields and go into the milk production instead. Fifteen years ago had I ventured the prediction in this column, that the milk cans would, in 1893-4, rattle among the hop fields of Central New York, the reader of that day would have sat upon me as daff.

A Sullivan county farmer, who lives on the eastern slope of the "Shongums" told me recently that he was selling six cans of milk from seventeen cows. It all the cows from which milk is now shipped along the O. and W. were pushed and fed to produce as much as those of my Winton friend, milk would be down to a cent and a half a quart during the winter months. Keeping up the quality had done more to help O. and W. milk to win its way in the city than all other things combined.

The old adage that "full many a shaft at random sent, finds mark the archer little meant," never had a better illustration than when a compositor up this way, in setting up the type for a wedding invitation, made them read "Your presents requested." The printer no doubt blundered, but he told the naked truth. None of the conventionalities of civilization in an invitation reading like that.

I could, if necessary, name a creamery that when milk was two and a quarter cents a quart was taking in only forty cans a day. In less than a week after the Exchange had raised the price half a cent the same creamery was receiving ninety cans a day. With facts like these confronting us, what is the sense of farmers who supply milk to New York talking about combining for better prices. Give me a combine with Short Supply, E. Q., President, and Mr. Quick Demand, Secretary,

and the Exchange will in two days be knocked higher than the fabled kite of Gilderoy. Being a farmer myself and a milk producer, I have the best interests of my brother farmers at heart, but no sympathy with any writer or paper that tries to get up another milk war in order that it may add a few subscribers to its list.

RUSTICUS.

UNION LV.

Correspondence AGENTS and MERCURY.

The annual donation visit for the benefit of the pastor of the Union LV. M. E. Church will be held at the house of Christopher Hagerty, on Wednesday evening, the 14th inst. All are cordially invited.

Caught in a Derailing Switch

This morning a wheel of Osburn & Brown's delivery wagon caught in the derailing switch at the North street crossing and the driver attempted to turn out every spoke till the wheel was broken.

DR. HAND'S COLIC CURE IN HUDSON.

Hudson, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1893.

I bought a bottle of Dr. Hand's Colic Cure and found it so good for my baby, who was suffering from colic so that I could not get a moment's rest night or day. I now take pleasure in writing this so that every mother can know about it, for I hope that Dr. Hand's medicines will find their way into every family in the land. —Mrs. Oscar Shock, 48 Chapel street. Dr. Hand's Colic Cure is sold by all drug gists for 25c.

THE DISCOVERY SAVED HIS LIFE.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with LaGrippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after seeing three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial bottle at McMonagle and Rogers' Drug Store.

Dame Rumor has it that a bill will be before the next Legislature declaring the Beaverkill River, from the State Hatchery up, private waters and that several private clubs will then be established there. This curtailment of the public rights must not be allowed. The waters of these large streams must remain as free as the air we breathe. We have already too many private fish streams and preserves up here, and will tolerate no more of them on what must forever remain public waters.

We want the whole world to come up here and fish and go away with well filled creels, and bring their friends up with them when they come again.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsville, Ind., says: "I have been in a distressed condition for three years from nervousness, weakness of the stomach, dyspepsia and indigestion until my health was gone. I had been doctoring constantly with no relief. I bought one bottle of South American Nervine, which did me more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely medicine; a few bottles of it have cured me completely. I consider it the greatest medicine in the world." Warrented the most wonderful stomach and nerve cure ever known. Sold by J. E. Mills, Middletown, N. Y.

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influences. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only 50 cents at McMonagle & Rogers' drug store.

Do you travel? Are you a shipper? The "Rand-McNally Railway Guide and Handbook" contains all pertinent information. Ask your newsdealer.

33dlyr Sep 17'93

ONE CENT A WORD

for each insertion. No advertisement taken for less than 10 cents.

FIFTY Cows—Will have, Thursday morning, Nov. 12, 50 choice cows, part fresh and balance springers: also 5 stock bulls.

EDWARD AYERS & GIVEANS,

WANTED—A situation in small family, or will care for invalid.

Apply at 122 Linden avenue.

HOMESTEAD Building and Loan Association.

Regular meetings for collection of dues, Monday and Tuesday evenings.

\$10.00 H. J. LEONARD, Secretary.

CLAIRVOYANT.

MRS. DR. EDWARD RODS will remain in Middletown during the week of Nov. 12th. Will be in Cortland Street, second house from Linden Avenue, toward North street. No office hours from 9 to 9.

Office hours from 9 to 9.

Administrator's Sale.

The old adage that "full many a shaft at random sent, finds mark the archer little meant," never had a better illustration than when a compositor up this way, in setting up the type for a wedding invitation, made them read "Your presents requested."

The printer no doubt blundered, but he told the naked truth.

None of the conventionalities of civilization in an invitation reading like that.

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